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TRUE GENUINE SENTIMENT.

TRUE genuine sentiment may be so connected with the virtue of action, as to bestow on it its brightest lustre, and its most captivating graces. And enthusiasm under these circumstances is so far from being disagreeable, that a portion is indispensibly necessary in an engaging woman; but it must be of the heart, not of the senses.—It must grow up with the feeling mind, and be cherished by a virtuous education, not compounded of irregular passions and artificially refined by books of unnatural fiction, and improbable adventure.

But this dangerous merit cannot be too rigidly watched, as it is very apt to lead those who possess it into inconveniencies from which less interesting characters are happily exempt.

Strong sensibility may carry a very amiable temper into the most alarming extremes.—The taste of those so actuated are passions. They love and hate with all their hearts, and scarcely suffer themselves to feel a reasonable preference, before it strengthens into a violent attachment.

When an innocent girl of this open, trusting, tender heart, happens to meet with one of her own sex and age, whose address and manners are engaging, she is instantly seized with an ardent desire to commence a friendship with her. She feels the most lively impatience at the restraint of company and the decorums of ceremony.—She longs to be alone with her—longs to assure her of the warmth of her tenderness, and generally ascribes to the fair stranger all the good qualities she feels in her own heart, or rather all those which she has met with in her reading, dispersed in a variety of heroines.—She is persuaded that her new friend unites them all in herself, because she carries in her prepossessing countenance the promise of them all.

If hints of her defects are given, she mistakes the voice of discretion. At first she listens to them with a generous impatience, and afterwards with a cold and silent disdain, and despises them as the effect or prejudice, misrepresentation, of ignorance.

Yet this trusting confidence, this honest indiscretion, is, at this early period of life, as amiable as it is natural; and will, if wisely cultivated, produce, at its proper

season, fruits infinitely more valuable than all the guarded circumspection of premature, and therefore artificial prudence. Nay, if the younger part of the sex are sometimes deceived in the choice of a friend, they enjoy even then an higher degree of satisfaction than if they never trusted—For to be always clad in the burthensome armour of suspicion is more painful and inconvenient, than to run the hazard of suffering, now and then, a transient injury.

These observations chiefly respect the inexperienced; for it is a certainty that women are capable of as faithful and as durable friendship as any of the other sex. They can enter not only into all the enthusiastic tenderness, but into all the solid fidelity of attachment.

R I D I C U L E.

THE fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good-breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite.

A man of sense and breeding will sometimes join in the laugh, which has been raised at his expence by an ill natured repartee; but if it was very cutting, and one of those shocking sorts of truths, which, as they scarcely can be pardoned even in private, ought never to be uttered in public, he does not laugh because he wishes to conceal how much he is hurt; and will remember it, as a treat of malice, when the whole company should have forgotten it as a stroke of ridicule.

Even women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief to him who is wounded to reflect, that the hand which shot it was a fair one.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 299.)

IT gave me great pleasure to have found out a mean through which I could influence you and the Marquis at once, and guide both of you to one mark. I feared, however, the Marquis of F—— would discover my artifices, and for that reason recommended him to the King by a third person, for the transaction of affairs which removed him far enough from us.

Duke. Infernal villainy! execrable wretch!—But no, your deeds contradict your profession. No, Alumbrado, human art cannot produce miracles like yours. Did not nature herself obey you?

Alumbrado. Your imagination only obeyed me. The idea of the miraculous had been instilled in your mind already, and I had nothing else to do but to strengthen it, in order to get possession of the confidence which Hiermanfor had enjoyed. I thought it, however, prudent to use a different method. He founded his supernatural power on the occult sciences, and I on religious mysteries.

I did not find it more difficult to lead you from the delusions of speculative philosophy, to those of implicit faith, than to give you proofs of my miraculous power. A little dexterity, a little success on my part, and a judicious accommodation to circumstances, delivered you and the Marquis into my power. I gained my purpose, and this was the only miracle in the whole affair.

Duke. However, the effects which you produced, are still so very mysterious to me.—

Alumbrado. And yet every thing was done in a very natural manner.

Duke. How could you know the accident that happened at the Inn at *li*, in the very moment when it took place.

Alumbrado. Because I had preconcerted it with some of my emissaries at *li*. You now will comprehend how I could know the day and the hour, and how that incident could agree so exactly with my prediction.

Duke. What end did you mean to gain by that deception?

Alumbrado. The throwing down of the picture by an invisible hand, was to give you a hint that a higher power had decreed the dethronement of the King.

Duke. However, the appeasing of the tempestuous sea could be no delusion, nor an accident. Through what extraordinary means did you effect it?

Alumbrado. Mere precaution enabled me to effect it. Experience had taught me that oil possesses the extraordinary quality of restoring the equilibrium of the water, if violently agitated, and of smoothing the swelling waves. For that reason I have been used never to make a voyage without carrying some casks of oil with me; and I had taken the same precaution when I went on board of the vessel in which you had taken

your passage. Having left you, I ordered my people to beat off the hoops of the casks and throw them overboard. The oil instantly spread over the surface of the water and calmed the agitated waves.*

Duke. [After a pause] It was your intention to persuade me to return to Li*n, and you have gained your aim by that expedient; but what would you have done if no tempest had afforded you an opportunity of deceiving me by a pretended miracle?

Alumbrado. I should have watched another opportunity, and devised other artifices; for it was with that view that I accompanied you on your voyage without your knowledge.

Duke. By what means did you preserve your life, under the hands of the royal banditti?

Alumbrado. The whole scene you beheld from the top of the turret was pre-concerted by me. The fellows who attacked me, neither had been sent by the King, nor were they banditti, but had been previously instructed by me how to act; their pistols were charged only with powder, and their poniards did not wound me. This will explain to you the whole miracle.

Duke. Not sent by the King, did you say. He then had no design against my life?

Alumbrado. No, the King never had the least idea of such a deed.

Duke. Villainous! villainous! to deceive me thus!—And with what view did you devise that horrid fraud?

Alumbrado. I wanted to inflame your father's mind with resentment against the King. Nay, I will tell you more. It was my work that the King treated you with so much coldness, and neglected to raise your family: for I had represented you and your father to him, by one of my agents, as persons who beheld his new dignity with envious eyes. Through these mutual exasperations, I gained the advantage of increasing your personal antipathy against the King, and of turning it at length, into hatred that had all the appearance of just resentment.

Duke. Ah! I now begin to penetrate the whole atrocity of your artful wiles. Then it was you who has excited the King against me and my family, and formed the plots against his life?

Alumbrado. What would it avail me to deny the charge?

Duke. And yet it seemed as if you had not been concerned in the conspiracy. The design against the King had already been determined, and still you withheld your consent and assistance.

Alumbrado. And not without reason. I would not expose myself. The grand Inquisitor and the Primate took care to gain you to our purpose without your suspecting it, while I was directing the plot behind the cur-

* Pliny long ago knew that extraordinary quality of the oil, and in our times it has been confirmed by the experiments of the immortal Franklin. Mr. Oforezkowsky, the celebrated Russian academician, experienced the same on his physical voyage, and our modern seamen in general are no strangers to that effect of the oil, and frequently make use of it in dangerous furies.

tain; I should have destroyed my own work if I had stepped forth too soon. My seeming backwardness spurred you on, and screened me from suspicion. However, after I had performed the last fictitious miracle, I thought myself sufficiently secured against all suspicion, and calculated that it would be reasonable to command you in the name of God to take an active part in the conspiracy.

Duke. After the last fictitious miracle? Do you mean that incident by which you showed yourself proof against ball and dagger?

Alumbrado. I do. The miracle will appear very natural to you when I tell you that I had filled the powder-horn, which I had conveyed secretly from your apartment, with a powder of my own invention, which could not carry the ball farther than five steps. Having placed myself seven steps distant from the gun, I was far enough out of harm's way. I requested to be fired at twice, in order to empty the powder-horn of its contents, a precaution that prevented you from discovering, afterwards, the real nature of the powder. The dagger with which I stabbed myself, had also been previously made for that purpose, and could do me no harm. The blade of it, which was not much pointed, snapped back into the hollow handle on the smallest resistance, which made you believe that it had penetrated my breast. A spring which forced it again into its former situation, rendered it entirely impossible for you to discover the fraud.

Duke. What views had you in making me believe that you was invulnerable?

Alumbrado. Was it not to be expected that you would repose the utmost reliance on the assistance of a man who should appear to you proof against balls and daggers?

However, I have, as yet, explained to you only the particular views I had in performing fictitious miracles, and now will tell you that every one of them tended to effect a general end, which was nothing less than to persuade you and the Marquis to believe that God was working and speaking through me. Our plot was so hazardous, the circumstances so unfavourable, and success so improbable, that we had reason to apprehend you would shrink back from your resolution, when you should have pondered more maturely the danger which it was attended with. For this reason I thought it most prudent to appear to you to be an organ of the godhead, because it was to be expected that you would fear no danger whatever, if you should be persuaded that our design was the work of God, and supported by his omnipotent power; for with God nothing is impossible. In order to corroborate you in that belief, I advised you to have recourse to prayer.—

Duke. Daring wretch! how could you run that risk?

Alumbrado. Why not? you had already taken your resolution before you implored God to signify his will to you. The execution of our plan had been, some time

since, the principle idea that prevailed in your mind, and forced itself upon you on every occasion, and, of course, in your prayers too; it was, therefore, very natural that in the latter case, you should mistake for a decree of God, what, in reality, was nothing else but the voice of your provoked passions. I entertained not the least apprehension that devotion would produce more pious sentiments in your mind, because the sophistry of your passions, and the two prelates had already persuaded you that our design was just; I rather expected that the fervour of your prayer, particularly at night, would increase the fermentation of your blood, and animate you with additional courage to execute our plan.

Duke. Infernal spirit! but no! thou art worse than Satan! for he respects the temples and altars, but thou hast laid thy snares even in those sacred places. Prayers and faith, these sacred treasures of man become in thy hand tools of seduction; and thou dost not tremble at the idea of being accountable to the all-seeing Judge for thy villainous deeds?—What wouldst thou have done, daring wretch! if a ray of divine illumination had dispelled my errors?

Alumbrado. I was not afraid of that. You could expect no such illumination from above, because your own reason would have pointed out to you the illegality of your design, if you had consulted your own good sense rather than your passions. God does not work miracles while we can be instructed by natural means.

Duke. But suppose he had, for how canst thou prescribe limits to the wisdom of God, suppose he had, nevertheless, condescended to open mine eyes through his holy spirit?

Alumbrado. (carelessly.) I then should have had recourse to a natural expedient—which I intended to adopt in case of emergency. You will recollect that you missed a sheet of your treatise on the Manicheean system; it was I who purloined it. If you had shrunk back from your engagement, I would have threatened you with all the terrors of the Inquisition; the sheet was written by you and the grand Inquisitor my friend; consequently now as other choice was left you, than either to make good your engagement or to experience all the horrors of that tribunal.

Duke, shuddering with horror. Lead me back to my dungeon, lest the aspect of this monster should poison me intirely,

The day after the trial, the son of the gaoler brought me a letter, which, to my utter astonishment, was from the Duke, and contained the following lines*: * *

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

* This letter is the same which is prefixed to the beginning of these Memoirs.

A PENEGRIC UPON IMPUDENCE.

ORATORS and men of wit have frequently amused themselves with maintaining paradoxes. Thus, Erasmus has written a penegyric upon *folly*: Montaigne has said fine things upon *ignorance*, which he somewhere calls "the softest pillow a man can lay his head upon:" and Cardan, in his *Encomium Neronis*, has, I suppose, defended every vice and every folly. It is astonishing to me, that no one has yet done justice to *impudence*; which has so many advantages, and for which so much may be said. Did it never strike you, what simple, naked, uncompounded *impudence* will do? what strange and astonishing effects it will produce? Aye, and without birth, without property, without principle, without even artifice and address, without indeed any single quality, but "the front of three-fold brass."

Object not folly, vice, or villainy however black: these are puny things: from a visage truly bronzed and seared, from features muscularly fixed and hardened, issues forth a broad overpowering glare, by which all these are as totally hid, as the spots of the sun by the lustre of his beams. Were this not so, how is it, that *impudence* shall make impressions to advantage; shall procure admission to the highest personages, and no questions asked; shall suffice (in short) to make a man's fortune, where no modest merit could even render itself visible? I ask no more to insure success, than that there be but enough of it: without success a man is ruined and undone there being no mean. Should one ravage half the globe, and destroy a million of his fellow-creatures, yet, if at length he arrive at empire, as Cæsar did, he shall be admired while living as an hero, and adored perhaps almost as a god when dead: though, were the very same person, like Cataline, to fail in the attempt, he would be hanged as a scoundrel robber, and his name devoted to infamy or oblivion.

But to proceed. Pray, what do you think the elder Pliny suggests, when he affirms it to be "the prerogative of the Art of Healing, that any man, who professes himself a physician, is instantly received as such?" He certainly suggests, that such sort of professors in his days, like itinerant and advertising physicians, had a more than ordinary portion of that bold, self-important, and confident look and manner, which, with a very little heightening, may justly be called *impudence*. And what but this could enable a little paltry physician, of no name or character, to gain so mighty an ascendancy over such a spirit, as that of Lewis XI. of France? Read the account in Philip de Comines; and then blame me, if you can, for thinking so highly of this accomplishment.—True it is, Lewis was afraid of death even to horror, and so as not to bare the sound of the word; and I grant, that on this same fear the empire of physic, is in a great measure founded.

Pope Gregory VII. who governed the church from 1073 to 1085, is celebrated for having carried ecclesiastical dominion to the height: for he was the first who maintained and established, that popes, by excommunica-

tion, may depose kings from their states, and loose subjects from their allegiance. And how did he effect this? Not by genius or eloquence; not by a knowledge of canon law, and the constitutions of the holy see; no, nor by the arts of policy and grimaces of his religion (with all which others had been endowed as well as he) but by a most insolent, daring, usurping spirit. He seized the papal chair by force, as it were threw the church into confusion to gratify his ambition; made kings his slaves, and bishops his creatures; and established in his own person a tyranny over things both spiritual and temporal.—But my admiration of *impudence* transports me too far: I will say no more upon it.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

Gentlemen,

I have observed in your Magazine, a number of very striking and just Etymologies—I am induced therefore, to present you with the following; hoping, from its authenticity, it will be thought worthy of a place.

THE term that was formerly used to express the union of two fond souls was, "Marriage and given in Marriage;" but in course of time, the encitements to this union were changed: instead of Love, Money was the stimulus; of course, a new term must be invented to express it:—So that instead of saying, on such a day a Marriage took place between such a Lady and such a Gentleman—It was said, there's a Matter-of-Money; and hence, by a slight alteration, the modern phrase of MATRIMONY.

ANECDOTES.

ACOUNTRY Blacksmith coming into a farmer's yard with a hammer in his hand, was suddenly surprised by a severe bite from a snarling dog, which so irritated him, that he immediately retaliated upon his enemy with his heavy weapon, with the sharp end of which, he killed him on the spot. "You might," said the person that owned the animal, "have struck him with the other end of the hammer." "That I would," answered the other, "if he had only bit me with the other end of his teeth."

An ingenious politician, meeting with a gentleman of his acquaintance, immediately began to harrangue upon his favourite theme, and positively affirmed, that, "after the late events in France, the actual government of that country will not be acknowledged by any power in Europe, except America."

The author of an old book called the Theatre of the World, supposes, that if a person who died of love were to be opened and anatomized, we should find all his entrails gone, his heart burnt up, his liver smoked and dried, and all the dependencies of the brain spoiled: and he believes, that the poor soul (as he calls the lover) was scorched, and, as it were roasted upon a fire, with the vehement, ardent, and excessive heat that it endured, since first the fury of love surprised him.

ALI AND ORASMIN;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

(Concluded from our last.)

FLATTERED by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences which might ensue to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance: and calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him; then, bidding him good night with a sarcastical smile, and securing the door when he went, left him in a most painful reverie.

Reparing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Emperor always passed when went to survey the royal city in disguise; and which, by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with; and having, while in office, procured false keys to the various doors, he easily found admission to the secret audience-chamber, where none but the vizier can enter, on pain of death, without permission of the Sultan; and there leaving the letter, he returned to his house, exulting in the hope that Mustapha would discover it, when he retired there alone, as was his custom every night, to inspect such dispatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: trusting the success of his plan on the extreme credulity and impetuosity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the most severe repentance for his moments of reflection.

The event justified his most sanguine expectations; and, before the first watch of the night was passed, a hasty messenger summoned him to a secret audience in the palace. The Sultan presented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with astonishment; compared the writing with some of Ali's he had purposely brought with him, to satisfy himself of its identity; then, bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the most artfully counterfeited grief, and after an apparent struggle between duty and friendship—"Glory," said he, "to God and his prophet! Long life to the Commander of the Faithful! and destruction to his enemies! The profound duty every Mussulman owes to the viceroy of Alla, obliges me to dispense with the scruples of an ill-placed friendship; and declare, that the conduct of Ali has long appeared to me as involved in the veil of mystery; the plausible manner in which he has ever demeaned himself, I have discovered, beyond a doubt, has been only a bait for popularity; too ardent a love for which is a certain criterion of unwarrantable ambition.

"I once had the mortification to witness the shameful defeat of the Ottoman arms, under his command: I had then many reasons to suspect treachery; but the implicit confidence I, with the empire at large, put in him, made me discredit my own senses; and it was the same infatuation which induced me to be the foremost in declaring him the most eligible for the viziership, when returned from meeting the rebel Ismoul.

"Yet, when I reflect, in sober reason, on the nature of that action, and behold the insurgents, though greatly su-

perior in force, throwing down their arms almost without the shadow of resistance, and their leader suffered to escape, it impresses me as a strong confirmation of the authenticity of his treason." "Thou art right, Orasmin!" interrupted the enraged Mustapha: "convey him instantly to a dungeon; and to-morrow's sun shall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"—"Will it please the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Orasmin, "to listen a moment longer, without anger, to his slave; while he offers, as Alla himself can witness, the counsel only dictated by that unshaken attachment ever evinced by his house to the renowned family of the Othmans!"—"Speak on, and fear not," returned Mustapha. Orasmin proceeded—"Thou knowest well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and, should they behold him going forth to execution, what desperate steps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preservation? And a commotion once begun, as we know not how far the treason has spread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar who doubtless is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treason, release Ali, and shake perhaps even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy, then, bid Justice strike this night; so, the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches shall necessarily wither; and when to-morrow's sun shall expose the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy subjects shall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the awful lesson, that the most exalted enemies of Mustapha are the fated victims of destruction!" He ceased.

"By Mahomet, I swear," rejoins the Sultan, "thy reasons are just! See him instantly dispatched! Bethis," presenting his ring, "thy warrant. Begone!"

Orasmin wanted not urging: he seized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathsome dungeon, secured by the ponderous manacles of injustice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet!" said he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commissioned to guard? Can any wretch have accused thee of a crime meriting such dishonour! thou, whose name scandal had not even dared to prophane? Alas! my friend! where will Oppression finish his career!"—"I know not, my dear Orasmin!" replied the injured Ali, half raising himself, "my crime, nor mine accuser: innocence, however, is my support; and, while thou art my gaoler, I shall find pleasure even in a prison!"—"Generous, noble Ali," rejoined the brute, "what is it I do not feel for thee! Yet it were unkind to keep thee in suspense. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occasion of the foul disgrace thou endurest, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend, Orasmin!"—"Orasmin! Orasmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, inquired the victim. "Yes!" returned the fiend, "thy Orasmin!" Ali sunk down senseless. On his recovering, Orasmin continued, "From the hour that early youth submitted me to the scourgings of a pedagogue, thou hast

been my rival, and the name of Orasmin has shrunk before that of Ali. Thinkest thou, that I could have a spirit, and bear it? No! the childish weaknesses of friendship I soon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprived me of all hope of possessing the sorceress Amine, I determined on a revenge—not a common revenge, that was always at hand—I waited, with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred, and I have obtained it! I have accused thee of treason; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy private murder! Murder! I say; for—O it delights my soul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!”

“And must I die innocent?” exclaimed the devoted Ali. “Yet thy will, O Alla! be done. What more have I to wish for on earth? I have lost my friend, my wife, and my child!”—“Friend,” interrupted Orasmin, “thou never hadst! Thy wife and child—But, hold! I came to torment, not to satisfy thee!”—“Oh! Orasmin, what a conflict hast thou raised in my bosom! My wife and child! knowest thou any thing of them?” Orasmin smiled contemptuously. “Speak, only say if thou knowest aught of them!”—“I will say nothing,” replied he; “uncertainty will increase thy pangs. Prepare for death!—Slaves!” The door of the dungeon burst open, and presented to their view Mustapha, Ibrahim, and Amine! “Secure that fiend!” cried the Sultan; and instantly Orasmin was loaded with chains. Ali and Amine were lying senseless in each other’s arms; Orasmin assumed a desperate sullenness; the Sultan and Ibrahim surveyed the whole in silence. “Alla! Alla! Alla!” repeated the reviving Ali; “thou art merciful! thou art merciful!”

“My dear lord,” interrupted Amine, “dreary have been the hours since we parted! O hear my justification! While walking by the sea-side, a band of men, masked, beset me; and, forcing me on a horse, carried me, blindfolded, I knew not where; for, when suffered to remove the bandage, I was alone, in a mean, gloomy apartment, the door of which was secured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppressor; and seeing no one, except a slave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never spoke; till this night I heard the voice of Orasmin in a tone of threatening.

I listened; and discovered, that he was compelling that generous youth, Ibrahim, to write a treasonous letter in characters like yours. When I found Orasmin was gone, I entreated the youth to liberate me: instantly he opened a door into my apartment, so artfully contrived, that I had never before observed it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was shocked; confirmed what I had over-heard, and promised to protect me.

He discovered, with indignation, that he himself was also a prisoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitless attempts to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we escaped by a window into the garden. Here we had fresh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch passed before we were quite at liberty.

“We soon learned that you was imprisoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy false friend.” “And, behold me,” interrupted the Sultan, “ready to do thee justice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the punishment which he had prepared for thee! for, by Alla’s self I swear, this night is his last!” “My fate is just!” said Orasmin, in a tone of penitence. “But, before I die, let me make what reparation is in my power to the man I have injured.

Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim, I restore thee thy long-lost son!” Extreme was the astonishment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a pardon for the culprit. “Ask not pardon,” said Orasmin, “which must soon be repented! I stole thy child solely for the purposes of revenge; though fortune never, till now, gave me an opportunity of making use of him equal to my wishes; and, to make him the source of his father’s death, was a stroke worthy the noblest policy of vengeance. Thou hast escaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of soul, poor indeed! No I have pangs for thee yet in store, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death and tortures pleasant to me.

I only revealed him to thee, to make thee feel the curses of lasting separation. The mother once disdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her persecutor, languishing till grief and despair removed her from my reach; but the boy had answered the end I designed him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For security, I gave him poison in sherbet; and thought, even had he got free, so strong it was, that it would have worked faster than his conscience!”

“The vengeance be on thine own head!” cried Ibrahim; “for it was thyself who drank the poison. I saw thee drop something in the draught intended for me; and unseen by thee, changed the cups.”

“I feel it! I feel it!” exclaimed the frantic Orasmin. “Curse on thee, Mahomet! thou hast frustrated all!” “Hence with him!” said Mustapha. And then led Amine and Ibrahim out of the prison. By permission of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her husband’s honours, who was restored to his viziership, amply recompensed Amine for all her sorrows.

An exemplary instance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counsel, and steady attachment to his interest; and, towards the former, by an uniform course of piety, and a conscientious dispensation of justice and benevolence to his fellow subjects. Ali lived long beloved, and happy. As it is written in the sacred tablets of truth—“The righteous shall dwell in the tents of gladness, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked shall be covered with shame; and the envious man shall be consumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour.”

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON INDUSTRY.

THE absurd indulgence with which parents anticipate every wish of their children often paves the way for their destruction, and entirely unfits them for returning that affectionate care which is due to the authors of their being. How many instances do we see of the ill effects of such misplaced kindness. By supplying children with all the superfluities of life, we at once weaken the springs of exertion, and induce a habit of indolence fatal to future improvement; for why should they exert themselves to procure that which is ready at their call? Virtuous habits and habits of industry are nearly the same; and since these only are productive of happiness, it is of the utmost importance to teach the youthful mind that enjoyment and self-satisfaction must be purchased by labour.--Happy is the man, who, in early life, has been taught by experience the blessed effects of honest industry, and the inestimable value of time. Multiply *time* by *industry*, and what is the result?—Peace of mind; the innocent enjoyment of life, and every thing that can exalt human nature.

By Industry, I must not be understood to mean the incessant drudging pursuit after sordid gain:---I have likewise reference to mental industry; the improvement of that intellectual part of our existence which elevates our view above this narrow scene of things, and teaches us to soar to heaven.

VIATOR.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

A NEW formed corps of Volunteers were one day exercising in a park, where a Bull was kept, and where he had been accustomed to enjoy unresisted sovereignty. Whether displeased with the awkwardness of their manœuvres, offended at their intrusion on the scene of his pleasure, or regarding their martial music as a challenge of defiance on his own territory, the Lordly Animal advanced with a menacing air; and notwithstanding some attempts at resistance, charged the line, broke through the ranks, and after having completely routed and dispersed the enemy, remained undisputed master of the field!

LEVITIES.

LITERARY men, and the advantages of learning, being the subject of conversation when JOHNSON was present, he enforced and closed the observations in the following celebrated sentence of Lactantius---“*Eruditio inter prospera ornamentum, inter adversa refugium.*”

Professor Richardson's observation, that men judge of objects according to their peculiar habits, and that a beautiful lawn, which excites pastoral ideas in the poet's mind, suggests the value of the land to the miser, is exemplified by the following:

An old Epicure, walking one fine morning, in the meadows on the banks of a river, exclaimed with rapture

at the sight of a lamb that was frisking about “pretty innocent creature, how deliciously thou wouldst eat with carrots or cauliflowers.”

Sir John Salter, who died in 1605, and was a generous benefactor to the worshipful company of Salters, ordered, in his last will and testament, the beadle and servants of the company, to go to the church of St. Magnus, the first week of every October, and knock upon his grave stone, with sticks and staves three times each person, and say, “How do you do brother Salter? I hope you are well.”

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening the 5th inst. at Huntington (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Schenk, Mr. KETCHUM TERRY, Merchant, of this city, to Miss POLLY SNEDEKER, daughter of John Snedecker, Esq. of that place.

On Saturday evening the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, WILLIAM L. ROSE, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss CHARLOTTE C. SMITH, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Woodhill, JOHN WELLS, Esq. of this city, to Miss ELIZA LAWRENCE, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lawrence, of Newtown, Long-Island.

On Friday evening the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rattoon, HENRY C. WILLIAMSON, to Miss MARY DANIEL, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 18th inst. at Jamaica (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Faitoute, Mr. JAMES VAN DUYNE, of Fresh-Meadow, to Mrs. DEBORAH ALLEN, of that place.

On Tuesday evening the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Banks, Mr. JAMES ANGUS, to Miss MARGARET WALKER, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. PEXCEL FOWLER, to Miss JEAN DAY, both of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE acknowledge the receipt of the “EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS ***:” Likewise a “SOLUTION TO THE REBUS,” which appeared in our last;—both of which were received too late for a place this week; they however, shall appear in our next. We anticipate great improvement from the excellent observations and productions of “VIATOR;” and acknowledge our obligations to him, and all others whose merit displays such intrinsic worth.

THE EDITORS.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 19th to the 25th. inst.

| | Thermometer observed at | | Prevailing winds | | OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER. | |
|----------|----------------------------|----------|---------------------|-----|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| | 6. A. M. | 3. P. M. | 6. | 3. | 6. | 3. |
| March 19 | 41 | 46 | w. | do. | clear lt. wd. | cloudy h. wd. |
| 20 | 30 | 44 | nw. | do. | clear lt. wd. | do. do. |
| 21 | 30 | 51 | w. | s. | clear lt. wd. | do. do. |
| 22 | 42 | 45 | se. | e. | rain h. wd. | do. do. |
| 23 | 39 | 56 | nw. | do. | clear lt. wd. | do. do. |
| 24 | 42 | 46 | se. | do. | clear h. wd. | rain do. |
| 25 | 47 | 52 | w. | nw. | ra. th. & li't. | at ni. cle. h. w. |

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

PRAYER OF MR. WYNKOOP,

Late of Kingston (Esopus) during the Loss of his Sight.

FATHER of light and life, Creator wise!
Great benefactor, and support of all!
In frowns and mercies, both divinely kind;
While this hand chastens, that diffuses bliss,
O teach my soul cheerful resignation
To thy will; calm content and smiling patience;
Forgive my sins, then tho' deprived of vision,
Of seeing thee, in all thy wondrous works
In air, earth, sea and skies, supreme perfection
Will I kiss the rod and bless the smiter;
Will I thank thy divine correcting hand,
Which might have made me infinitely worse,
For all the various blessings I enjoy;
For tender parents, friends, relations kind,
A virtuous spouse and blooming offspring;
For plentiful food and raiment. My soul submit,
Think the decrees of Heaven are wise and just,
Most beneficial to thyself, and all.
Father! thy will is best and be it done.

ELMINA; Or the FLOWER that never FADES.

FRESH from their native beds I bring
These images of youth and spring;
Sweet flowers, whose bloom too quickly pass,
What pity ye no longer last.

In early dawn the Violet spreads,
Its transient beauties thro' the meads;
At close of day the maid no more
Can trace, alas! her fav'rite flow'r.

At noon the rose of damask hue,
She plucks, the gaudiest as it grew;
An instant sees its leaves expand,
The next they wither in her hand.

Yet one there is of lasting kind—
Happy the nymph this flower can find!
In never-ending sweets array'd,
Whose blooming beauties never fade.

'Tis neither violet nor rose,
Nor in the field nor garden grows;
Fast rooted in the soul 'tis seen,
And there maintains perpetual spring.

Would'st thou, 'till latest time shall end,
Secure the lover and the friend;
Elmina, cultivate with care,
The flow'r that blows immortal there.

Perfect in soul thou'lt quit this sod,
And soar aloft to meet thy God:
Join hands with seraphs at the shrine,
And taste of Love that's all Divine.

AN ADDRESS TO THE NOTARIES OF POESY.

BY JAMES DE-LA-COUR.

(Continued.)

BUT if a storm must rattle thro' the strain,
Then let your lines grow black with gathering rain;
Thro' Jove's aerial hall loud thunders sound,
And the big-bolt rear thro' the dark profound:
But shou'd the welkin brighten to the view,
The sun breaks out and gilds the style anew;
Colour your clouds with a vermillion dye,
And let warm blushes streak the western sky;
'Till evening struts in sober suited grey,
And draws her dappled curtains o'er the day.

Let Vesper then pursue the purple light,
And lead the twinkling glories of the night;
The moon must rise in silver o'er the shades,
Stream thro' your pen, and glance along the meads;
While Zephyr softly whispers in the lines,
And pearly dew in bright description shines;
The little warblers to the trees repair,
Sing in their sleep, and dream away their care;
While closing flowrets nod their painted heads,
And fold themselves to rest upon their rosy beds.

But if Aurora's fingers stain the lay,
Let fancy waken with the rising day;
Let Sol's fierce couriers whirl the fiery team,
And from their nostrils blow a flood of flame:
Be sultry noon in brighter yellow dress,
And bend a rain-bow on her burning breast;
Let the rich dyes in changing colours flow,
And lose themselves in one poetic glow.

So the fair Indian crown its gloss assumes,
Dispos'd in tufts of party-colour'd plumes;
The transient tincture drinks the neighb'ring hue,
As if from each th' alternate colours grew,
Where ev'ry beauty's by a former made,
And lends a lustre to the following shade.

Thus may a simile bright come in with grace,
And add new splendours to the show'ry piece;
Paint the proud arch so lively to the sight,
That ev'ry line reflects a wondrous light.

LOVE, HONOUR, AND TRUTH.

IF truth, my dear Laura, can merit regard,
If love, faith, and honour, deserve a reward;
'Tis thine to dispense—Oh! bestow it on me,
Whose love, faith, and truth, are directed to thee.

In strains more harmonious than Orpheus e'er sung,
More soft than the sounds of Cecilia's sweet tongue,
Ye zephyrs, this truth to my Laura convey,
That my love, faith and honour, can never decay.

The lover, whose heart a fair face can engage,
May by caprice grow fickle, or cool in old age;
But founded in sense, my love, honour and truth,
Shall bloom in old age, as they flourish in youth.

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